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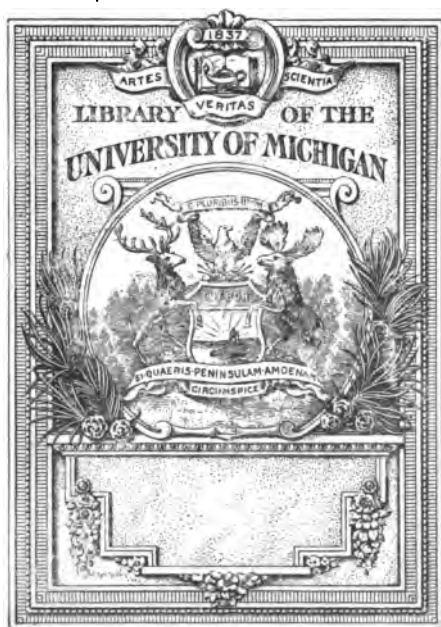
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A BOOK OF POETRY  
ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
ENGLISH HISTORY  
PART II (THE TUDORS AND STUARTS)  
:: G. DOWSE ::





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**English Literature for Secondary Schools**  
(HISTORICAL SECTION)

*General Editor*—J. H. FOWLER, M.A.

**A BOOK OF POETRY**  
**PART II.**



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

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TORONTO

# A Book of Poetry

*Illustrative of English History*

Part II. (The Tudors and Stuarts)

Edited by

G. Dowse, B.A.

Assistant Master at Preston Grammar School

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
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#### NOTE.

THE compiler desires to thank Mr. Austin Dobson for his kind permission to print the 'Ballad of the Armada'; and Mr. Henry Newbolt for 'Drake's Drum,' from 'The Island Race' (Elkin Mathews).



## 1. PERKIN WARBECK.

(1497.)

WARBECK, after the defeat of his forces, was enticed from the sanctuary at Beaulieu Abbey and brought before Henry VII. by Dawbeney.

*King Henry VII. To him enter Dawbeney with a Guard leading in Warbeck.*

*Daw.* Life to the King, and safety fix his throne!  
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow  
Of majesty, but in effect a substance  
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown  
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy, 5  
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

*King H.* Dawbeney,  
We observe no wonder; I behold, 'tis true,  
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,  
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.  
How came he to thy hands?

*Daw.* From sanctuary 10  
At Bewley, near Southampton; registered  
With these few followers for persons privileged.

*King H.* I must not thank you, sir! you were to blame  
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred:  
Dare we be irreligious?

*Daw.* Gracious lord, 15  
They voluntarily resigned themselves  
Without compulsion.

*King H.* So? 'twas very well;  
'Twas very, very well!—turn now thine eyes,  
Young man, upon thyself and thy past actions;  
What revels in combustion through our kingdom, 20  
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,  
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt  
To break thy neck!

*War.* But not my heart—my heart  
Will mount till every drop of blood be frozen  
By death, perpetual winter: if the sun 25  
Of majesty be darkened, let the sun  
Of life be hid from me in an eclipse  
Lasting and universal! Sir, remember  
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,  
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly, 30  
For comfort to the Duke of Bretagne's court.  
Richard, who swayed the sceptre, was reputed  
A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmered  
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day,  
When first they ventured on a frightful shore, 35  
At Milford Haven—

*Daw.* Whither speeds this boldness?  
Check his rude tongue, great sir,

*King H.* O, let him range:  
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;  
He does but act. What follow'd?

*War.* Bosworth Field:  
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement, 40  
A morn to Richmond and a night to Richard  
Appeared at once; the tale is soon applied:  
Fate, which crowned these attempts when least assured,  
Might have befriended others like resolved.

*King H.* A pretty gallant! thus your aunt of Burgundy, 45

Your duchess aunt, informed her nephew ; so  
 The lesson, prompted and well conn'd, was moulded  
 Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,  
 Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

JOHN FORD (1586-1656).

## 2. FLODDEN FIELD.

(1513.)

TAKING advantage of his brother-in-law Henry VIII.'s absence in France, James IV. invaded England, but was defeated and slain, (September 1513), at Flodden Field, between the Till and the Tweed, by the Earl of Surrey (Howard), who is introduced by the balladist as the queen's chamberlain. The queen's remonstrance is historical.

KING JAMIE hath made a vow,

Keep it well if he may !

That he will be at lovely London

Upon Saint James his day.

'Upon Saint James his day at noon,

5

At fair London will I be,

And all the lords in merry Scotland,

They shall dine there with me.'

Then bespake good Queen Margaret,

The tears fell from her eye :

10

'Leave off these wars, most noble King,

Keep your fidelity.

'The water runs swift and wondrous deep,

From bottom unto the brim ;

My brother Henry hath men good enough ;

15

England is hard to win.'



'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly fool !  
In prison fast let her lie :  
For she is come of the English blood,  
And for those words she shall die.' 20

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,  
The queen's chamberlain that day :  
'If that you put Queen Margaret to death,  
Scotland shall rue it alway.'

Then in a rage King James did say, 25  
'Away with this foolish mome !  
He shall be hanged, and the other be burned,  
So soon as I come home.'

At Flodden Field the Scots came in,  
Which made our English men fain ; 30  
At Bramstone Green this battle was seen,  
There was King Jamie slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,  
Their cannons they left behind ;  
Their ensigns gay were won all away, 35  
Our soldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain  
That to the fight did stand,  
And many prisoners took that day,  
The best in all Scotland. 40

That day made many a fatherless child,  
And many a widow poor,  
And many a Scottish gay lady  
Sat weeping in her bower.

Jack with a feather was lapt all in leather, 45  
His boastings were all in vain ;  
He had such a chance, with a new morrice dance,  
He never went home again.

OLD BALLAD.

## 3. BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

(1513.)

THE poem opens just as Surrey has succeeded in getting  
across the Scottish line of retreat.

AND why stands Scotland idly now  
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,  
Since England gains the pass the while,  
And struggles through the deep defile ?  
What checks the fiery soul of James ?  
Why sits that champion of the dames

Inactive on his steed,  
And sees between him and his land,  
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
His host Lord Surrey lead ?

O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight,  
And cry 'Saint Andrew and our right !'  
Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
And Flodden had been Bannockburn !  
The precious hour has passed in vain,  
And England's host has gained the plain ;  
Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
Around the base of Flodden hill.

'But see ! look up—on Flodden bent,  
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'

And sudden, as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till,

Was wreathed in sable smoke ;  
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,  
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
As down the hill they broke ;

Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone, 30  
Announced their march ; their tread alone,  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come. 35  
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,  
Until at weapon-point they close.  
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust ;  
And such a yell was there, 40  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air.  
O life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout, 45  
And triumph and despair.  
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye  
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast ; 50  
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears ;  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white sea-mew.  
Then marked they, dashing broad and far, 55  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave ;  
But nought distinct they see :  
Wide raged the battle on the plain ; 60  
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;  
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;  
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly.

# BATTLE OF FLODDEN

7

But as they left the darkening heath, 65  
 More desperate grew the strife of death.  
 The English shafts in volleys hailed,  
 In headlong charge their horse assailed :  
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,  
 To break the Scottish circle deep, 70  
 That fought around their king.  
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
 Unbroken was the ring ; 75  
 The stubborn spearmen still made good  
 Their dark impenetrable wood,  
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
 The instant that he fell.  
 No thought was there of dastard flight ; 80  
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
 As fearlessly and well ;  
 Till utter darkness closed her wing  
 O'er their thin host and wounded king. 85  
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
 Led back from strife his shattered bands ;  
 And from the charge they drew,  
 As mountain-waves from wasted lands  
 Sweep back to ocean blue. 90  
 Then did their loss his foemen know ;  
 Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,  
 They melted from the field as snow,  
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
 Dissolves in silent dew. 95  
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
 While many a broken band,  
 Disordered, through her currents dash,  
 To gain the Scottish land ;  
 To town and tower, to down and dale, 100

To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
 And raise the universal wail.  
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song  
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :  
 Still from the sire the son shall hear 105  
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear  
 Of Flodden's fatal field,  
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
 And broken was her shield !

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).  
 (From *Marmion*.)

#### 4. LAMENT FOR FLODDEN.

(1513.)

THIS lament is commonly known by the title 'The Flowers  
 of the Forest.'

I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,  
 Lassies a-lilting before dawn o' day :  
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—  
 The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning, 5  
 Lassies are lonely, and dowie, and wae ;  
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In ha'rst at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,  
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray ; 10  
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming,  
 'Bout stacks wi' the lassies at bogle to play,  
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie— 15  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border !  
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;  
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay. 20

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-milkin',  
Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;  
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JEAN ELLIOT (1727-1805.)

## 5. THE KING'S BALLAD.

(*circ.* 1520.)

HENRY VIII. was an elegant and learned writer, and it is almost certain that he wrote songs and composed the music to them. The following ballad is taken from a MS. in the British Museum, dating from Henry's own time.

PASTIME with good company  
I love and shall until I die ;  
Grudge who lust but none deny  
So God be pleased thus live will I.  
For my pastance, 5  
Hunt, sing, and dance  
My heart is set.  
All goodly sport  
For my comfort,  
Who shall me let? 10

Youth must have some dalliance,  
Of good or ill some pastance :  
Company methinks then best,  
All thoughts and fancies to digest :

For idleness	15
Is chief mistress	
Of vices all :	
Then who can say	
But mirth and play	
Is best of all ?	20
Company with honesty,	
Is virtue, vices to flee :	
Company is good and ill,	
But every man hath his free will :	
The best ensue,	25
The worst eschew,	
My mind shall be :	
Virtue to use,	
Vice to refuse,	
Thus shall I use me.	30
HENRY VIII. (1491-1547).	

## 6. WOLSEY'S FAREWELL.

(1529.)

IN 1529 Henry's wrath fell on Wolsey for his dilatoriness in the matter of the divorce of Catherine of Aragon. He was suddenly deprived of all his offices and exiled to his diocese of York.

*Wol.* So, farewell to the little good you bear me.  
 Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him : 5  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, 10  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me. 15  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, 20  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again. . . .  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, 25  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not. 30  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;  
And,—prithee, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have, 35  
To the last penny; 'tis the King's: my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age 40  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616.)

(*King Henry VIII.*, ACT III. SC. II.)



## 7. EARL BOTHWELL.

(1568.)

THIS ballad seems to have been written by some supporter of Darnley, soon after Mary's escape into England. There is no foundation for the statement that Mary sent for Darnley to come to Scotland to marry her.

Woe worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scotland !  
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight ;  
For the worthiest prince that ever was born  
You hang'd under a cloud by night.

The Queen of France a letter wrote, 5  
And sealed it with heart and ring,  
And bade him come Scotland within,  
And she would marry him and crown him king.

To be a king, it is a pleasant thing,  
To be a prince unto a peer ; 10  
But you have heard, and so have I too,  
A man may well buy gold too dear.

There was an Italian in that place  
Was as well beloved as ever was he ;  
Lord David was his name, 15  
Chamberlain to the queen was he.

If the king had risen forth of his place,  
He would have sit him down in the chair,  
And tho' it beseemed him not so well,  
Altho' the king had been present there. 20

Some lords in Scotland waxed wroth,  
And quarrell'd with him for the nonce ;  
I shall you tell how it befell ;  
Twelve daggers were in him all at once.

Then some of the lords they waxed wroth,  
And made their vow all vehemently ;  
'For death of the queen's chamberlain  
The king himself he shall die.'

With gunpowder, they strowed his room  
And laid green rushes in his way ;  
For the traitors thought that very night  
The worthy king for to betray.

To bed the worthy king made him boun ;  
To take his rest, that was his desire ;  
He was no sooner cast on sleep  
But his chamber was on a blazing fire.

Up he lope, and a glass window broke,  
He had thirty foot for to fall ;  
Lord Bothwell kept a privy watch  
Underneath his castle wall.  
'Who have we here ?' said Lord Bothwell ;  
'Answer me, now I do call.'

'King Henry the Eighth my uncle was ;  
Some pity show for his sweet sake !  
Ah, Lord Bothwell, I know thee well ;  
Some pity on me I pray thee take !'

'I'll pity thee as much,' he said,  
'And as much favour I'll show to thee,  
As thou had on the queen's chamberlain  
That day thou deemed'st him to die.'

Through halls and towers this king they led,  
Through castles and towers that were nigh  
Through an arbour into an orchard,  
There on a pear-tree hanged him high.

When the governor of Scotland heard  
How that the worthy king was slain,

He pursued the queen so bitterly  
That in Scotland she dare not remain.

But she is fled into merry England,  
And Scotland too aside hath lain, 60  
And through the Queen of England's good grace  
In England now she doth remain.

*Contemporary Ballad.*

## 8. THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

(1569.)

IN November 1569 the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, with Richard Norton, sheriff of York, and others, rose in support of Mary. They entered Durham Cathedral on November 14, tore up the English Bible and Prayerbook, and said mass. In December they fled without fighting before the Earls of Warwick and Clinton.

LISTEN, lively Lordings all,  
Lithe and listen unto me,  
And I will sing of a noble earl,  
The noblest earl in the North Countrie.

Earl Percy is into his garden gone, 5  
And after him walks his fair ladye :  
'I heard a bird sing in my ear  
That I must either fight or flee.'

'Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,  
That ever such harm should hap to thee : 10  
But go to London to the Court,  
And fair fall truth and honesty.'

'Now nay, now nay, my lady gay.  
Alas! thy counsel suits not me :  
Mine enemies prevail so fast 15  
That at the Court I may not be.'

'O go to the Court yet, good my lord,  
And take thy gallant men with thee :  
If any dare to do you wrong,  
Then your warrant they may be.' 20

'Now nay, now nay, thou lady fair,  
The Court is full of subiltie,  
And if I go to the Court, lady,  
Never more I may thee see.'

'Yet go to the Court, my lord,' she says, 25  
'And I myself will ride with thee :  
At Court then for my dearest lord  
His faithful borrow I will be.'

'Now nay, now nay, my lady dear,  
For lever had I lose my life, 30  
Than leave among my cruel foes  
My love in jeopardy and strife.

'But come thou hither, my little foot-page,  
Come thou hither unto me ;  
To Maister Norton thou must go 35  
In all the haste that ever may be.

'Commend me to that gentleman,  
And bear this letter here from me ;  
And say that earnestly I pray  
He will ride in my company.' 40

One while the little foot-page went,  
And another while he ran ;  
Until he came to his journey's end,  
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came, 45  
Down he kneeléd on his knee ;  
And took the letter betwixt his hands,  
And let the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was read  
Afore that goodly company, 50  
I wis, if you the truth would know,  
There was many a weeping eye.

He said, 'Come hither, Christopher Norton,  
A gallant youth thou seem'st to be ;  
What dost thou counsel me, my son, 55  
Now that good earl's in jeopardy ?'

'Father, my counsel's fair and free,  
That earl he is a noble lord,  
And whatsoever to him you hight,  
I would not have you break your word.' 60

'Gramercy, Christopher, my son,  
Thy counsel well it liketh me,  
And if we speed and 'scape with life,  
Well advancéd shalt thou be.

'Come you hither, my nine good sons, 65  
Gallant men I trow you be :  
How many of you, my children dear,  
Will stand by that good earl and me ?'

Eight of them did answer make,  
Eight of them spake hastilie : 70  
'O father, till the day we die  
We'll stand by that good earl and thee !'

'Gramercy, now my children dear,  
You show yourselves right bold and brave,  
And wheresoe'er I live or dee, 75  
A father's blessing you shall have.

'But what say'st thou, O Francis Norton ?  
Thou art my oldest son and heir ;  
Somewhat lies brooding in thy breast :  
Whatever it be, to me declare.' 80

'Father, you are an agéd man ;  
Your head is white, your beard is gray ;  
It were a shame at these your years,  
For you to rise in such a fray.'

'Now fie upon thee, coward Francis, 85  
Thou never learnedst this of me ;  
When thou wert young and tender of age,  
Why did I make so much of thee!'

'But, father, I will wend with you,  
Unarmed and naked will I be ; 90  
And he that strikes against the crown,  
Ever an ill death may he dee.'

Then rose that reverend gentleman,  
And with him came a goodly band  
To join with the brave Earl Percy, 95  
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Neville came,  
The earl of Westmoreland was he ;  
At Wetherby they mustered their host,  
Thirteen thousand fair to see. 100

Lord Westmoreland his ancient raised,  
The Dun Bull he raised on high ;  
And three dogs with golden collars  
Were there set out most royally.

Earl Percy there his ancient spread, 105  
The Half-Moon shining all so fair ;  
The Norton's ancient had the Cross,  
And the Five Wounds our Lord did bear.

Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose,  
After them some spoil to make ; 110  
Those noble earls turned back again,  
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

The baron he to his castle fled,  
To Barnard Castle then fled he ;  
The uttermost walls were eathe to win, 115  
The earls have won them presently.

The uttermost walls were lime and brick,  
But though they won them soon anon,  
Long e'er they won the innermost walls,  
For they were cut in rock and stone. 120

Then news unto leeve London came  
In all the speed that ever might be,  
And word is brought to our royal queen  
Of the rising in the North Countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about, 125  
And like a royal queen she swore,  
'I will ordain them such a breakfast  
As never was in the North before.'

She caused thirty thousand men be raised,  
With horse and harness fair to see ; 130  
She caused thirty thousand men be raised  
To take the earls i' th' North Countrie.

Wi' them the false Earl Warwick went,  
Th' Earl Sussex and the Lord Hunsden ;  
Until they to York Castle came, 135  
I wis, they never stint ne blan.

Now spread thy ancient, Westmoreland,  
Thy Dun Bull fain would we spy ;  
And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,  
Now raise thy Half-Moon up on high. 140

But the Dun Bull is fled and gone,  
And the Half-Moon vanished away ;  
The earls, though they were brave and bold,  
Against so many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sons, 145  
 They doom'd to die, alas for ruth !  
 Thy reverend locks thee could not save,  
 Nor them their fair and blooming youth.  
 Wi' them full many a gallant wight  
 They cruelly bereaved of life ; 150  
 And many a child made fatherless,  
 And widowed many a tender wife.

*Traditional Ballad.*

## 9. THE ARMADA.

(1588.)

MACAULAY was perhaps inspired to write this 'fragment' by the description, in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, of the chain of beacons by which the news of the fall of Troy was flashed to Argos.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's  
 praise ;  
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient  
 days,  
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain  
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.  
 It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day 5  
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth  
 Bay ;  
 Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
 isle,  
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a  
 mile.  
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;  
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in  
 chase.



Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;  
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums ;

His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space ;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids :

Ho ! gunners fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw your blades :

Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's  
massy fold ;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll  
of gold ;  
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple  
sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again  
shall be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Mil-  
ford Bay, 85  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the  
day ;  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame  
spread,  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on  
Beachy Head.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern  
shire,  
Cape beyend cape, in endless range, those twinkling  
points of fire. 40  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering  
waves :  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless  
caves :  
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery  
herald flew ;  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of  
Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from  
Bristol town, 45  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton  
down ;  
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the  
night,  
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-  
red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence  
broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city  
woke. 50  
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering  
fires ;  
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling  
spires ;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the  
voice of fear ;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a  
louder cheer :  
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of  
hurrying feet, 55  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down  
each roaring street ;  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the  
din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring  
in :  
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike  
errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires  
of Kent. 60  
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright  
couriers forth ;  
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started  
for the North ;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded  
still :  
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang  
from hill to hill :  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky  
dales, 65  
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of  
Wales,

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's  
lonely height,  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wreckin's crest  
of light,  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately  
fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless  
plain ; 70  
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of  
Trent ;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's em-  
battled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of  
Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859).

## 10. THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

(1588.)

THIS seventeenth century song was sung to the tune of 'Jog on,  
jog on.' (See Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. II.)

SOME years of late, in eighty-eight, as I do well re-  
member,  
It was, some say, the nineteenth of May, and some say  
of September.

The Spanish train launch'd forth amain, with many a fine  
bravado,  
Their, as they thought, (but it proved nought) invincible  
Armado.

There was a little man, that dwelt in Spain, who shot  
well in a gun-a, 5  
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight as the Knight of the  
Sun-a.

King Philip made him admiral, and bid him not to stay-a,  
But to destroy both man and boy, and so to come away-a.

Their navy was well victualled, with biscuit, pease and  
bacon ;  
They brought two ships, well fraught with whips, but I  
think they were mistaken. 10

Our men were young, munition strong, and, to do us  
more harm-a,  
They thought it meet to join their fleet all with the  
Prince of Parma.

They coasted round about our land, and so came in by  
Dover,  
But we had men set on 'em then, and threw the rascals  
over.

The Queen was then at Tilbury ; what could we more  
desire-a ? 15  
Sir Francis Drake, for her sweet sake, did set 'em all  
on fire-a.

Away they ran by sea and land, so that one man kill'd  
three score-a ;  
And had not they all ran away, i' faith we had kill'd  
more-a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast, for, if they come  
again-a,  
Let 'em take heed, they do not speed as they did, they  
know when-a. 20

ANON.

## 11. A BALLAD OF THE ARMADA.

(1588.)

KING PHILIP had vaunted his claims ;  
 He had sworn for a year he would sack us ;  
 With an army of heathenish names  
 He was coming to fagot and stack us ;  
 Like the thieves of the sea he would track us     5  
 And shatter our ships on the main ;  
 But we had bold Neptune to back us—  
 And where are the galleons of Spain ?

His carackes were christened of dames  
 To the kirtles whereof he would tack us ;     10  
 With his saints and his gilded stern-frames  
 He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us ;  
 Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,  
 And Drake to his Devon again,  
 And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus—     15  
 For where are the galleons of Spain ?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James  
 The axe that he whetted to hack us ;  
 He must play at some lustier games  
 Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us ;     20  
 To his mines of Peru he would pack us  
 To tug at his bullet and chain ;  
 Alas ! that his Greatness should lack us !—  
 But where are the galleons of Spain ?

## ENVY.

Gloriana !—the Don may attack us     25  
 Whenever his stomach be fain ;  
 He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .  
 And where are the galleons of Spain ?

AUSTIN DOBSON (1840- .)

## 12. THE REVENGE.

## A BALLAD OF THE FLEET. (1591.)

THIS ballad reproduces in minute detail the actual conflict of August 31, 1591, as reported by the survivors. Grenville, Howard's second in command, was one of the Devonshire worthies; he lived near Bideford, and probably many of his crew were Bideford men.

## I

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from  
far away :  
'Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-three !'  
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : "Fore God I am no  
coward ;  
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of  
gear,  
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow  
quick.  
We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-  
three ?'

## II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : 'I know you are no  
coward ;  
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again. 9  
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.  
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my  
Lord Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

## III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that  
day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the  
land 15

Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not  
left to Spain, 20  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the  
Lord.

## IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to  
fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came  
in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
'Shall we fight or shall we fly ? 25  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die !  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'  
And Sir Richard said again : 'We be all good English  
men.  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the  
devil, 30  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

## V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,  
and so  
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick  
below ;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left  
were seen, 35  
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane  
between.



## VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks  
and laugh'd,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little  
craft  
Running on and on, till delay'd  
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred  
tons, 40  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers  
of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like  
a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud, 45  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard  
lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and  
went 50  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill  
content;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us  
hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-  
queteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes  
his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

## IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far  
over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the  
fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built  
galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-  
thunder and flame;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with  
her dead and her shame. 60  
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so  
could fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world  
before?

## X

For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;  
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night  
was gone, 65  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly  
dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the  
head,  
And he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

## XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far  
over the summer sea, 70  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us  
all in a ring;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that  
we still could sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be.  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we, 75  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them  
stark and cold,  
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder  
was all of it spent; 80  
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
As may never be fought again!  
We have won great glory, my men! 85  
And a day less or more  
At sea or ashore,  
We die—does it matter when?  
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her  
in twain! 89  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

## XII

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:  
'We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let  
us go; 94  
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

## XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him  
then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught  
at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign  
grace ;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried : 100  
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man  
and true ;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :  
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !'  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant  
and true, 105  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;  
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,  
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,  
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien  
crew, 110  
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own :  
When a wind from the land they had ruin'd awoke from  
sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-  
quake grew, 115  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their  
masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd  
navy of Spain,  
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island  
crag  
To be lost evermore in the main.

LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892).

## 13. DRAKE'S DRUM.

(1596.)

In August, 1595, Drake sailed from Plymouth on his last expedition to the West Indies. Ill fortune attended him, and on January 28, 1595-6, he died of dysentery off Porto Bello. His body was put in a leaden coffin, and next day committed to the deep. A drum, painted with his arms, is preserved at Buckland Abbey in Devon, the seat of the Drake family.

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios bay,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships, 5  
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?) 10  
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;  
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven, 15  
 An drum them up the Channel as we drummed them  
 long ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe. 20  
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him  
 long ago.

HENRY NEWBOLT (1862- ).

## 14. FROM THE 'VIRGINIAN VOYAGE.'

(1607.)

AN expression of the poetical enthusiasm that inspired the  
Elizabethan voyagers.

You brave heroique minds,  
Worthy your countries' name,  
That honour still pursue,  
Go, and subdue,  
Whilst loyt'ring hinds 5  
Lurke here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long,  
Quickly aboard bestow you,  
And with a merry gale  
Swell your stretch'd sail, 10  
With vowes as strong  
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steere,  
West and by south forth keepe,  
Rocks, lee-shores, nor sholes, 15  
When Eolus scowles.  
You need not feare,  
So absolute the deepe.

And cheerfully at sea,  
Success you still intice, 20  
To get the pearle and gold,  
And ours to hold,  
Virginia,  
Earth's only paradise.

. . . . .  
When as the luscious smell 25  
Of that delicious land,

Above the seas that flowes,  
 The cleare wind throwes,  
 Your hearts to swell  
 Approching the deare strand ; 30

In kenning of the shore  
 (Thanks to God first given),  
 O you the happy'st men,  
 Be frolique then,  
 Let cannons roare, 35  
 Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far  
 Such heroes bring yee forth,  
 As those from whom we came,  
 And plant our name 40  
 Under that starre  
 Not knowne unto our North.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631).

## 15. RALEIGH.

(1618.)

RALEIGH was celebrated as a scholar, statesman, and warrior. He wrote his 'History of the World' whilst in confinement in the Tower of London ; born 1552, beheaded 1618.

BUT who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the maiden-reign ?  
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mixed ;  
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all  
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burned. 5  
 Nor sunk his vigour when a coward-reign  
 The warrior fettered, and at last resigned,  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.

Then, active still and unrestrained, his mind  
 Explored the vast extent of ages past, 10  
 And with his prison-hours enriched the world ;  
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
 So glorious, or so base, as those he proved ;  
 In which he conquered, and in which he bled.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748).

## 16. THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL.

(1626.)

*Showing how the Angel Gabriel of Bristol fought with three ships, who boarded as many times, wherein we cleared our decks and killed five hundred of their men and wounded many more, and made them fly into Cales (Cadiz), when we lost but three men, to the Honour of the Angel Gabriel of Bristol. To the tune, Our Noble King in his Progress.*

ATTEND you and give ear awhile, and you shall understand  
 Of a battle fought upon the seas by a ship of brave  
 command.

The fight it was so famous that all men's hearts did fill  
 And make them cry, 'To sea, with the Angel Gabriel !'

The lusty ship of Bristol sailed out adventurously 5  
 Against the foes of England, her strength with them to  
 try :

Well victualled, rigged, and manned, and good provision  
 still,

Which made men cry, 'To sea, with the Angel Gabriel !'

The Captain, famous Netherway (so was he called by  
 name):

The Master's name John Mines—a man of noted fame: 10

The Gunner, Thomas Watson, a man of perfect skill :

With other valiant hearts in the Angel Gabriel.



They waving up and down the seas upon the ocean main,  
'It is not long ago,' quoth they, 'since England fought  
with Spain :

Would we with them might meet, our minds for to  
fulfil !

15

We would play a noble bout with our Angel Gabriel !'

They had no sooner spoken, but straight appeared in  
sight

Three lusty Spanish vessels, of warlike force and might ;  
With bloody resolution they sought our men to spill,  
And vowed to make a prize of our Angel Gabriel.

20

Our gallant ship had in her full forty fighting men :  
With twenty pieces of ordnance we played about them  
then ;

With powder, shot, and bullets, we did employ them  
still,

And thus began our fight with the Angel Gabriel.

Our Captain to our Master said, 'Take courage, Master  
bold !'

25

Our Master to the seamen said, 'Stand fast, my hearts of  
gold !'

The Gunner unto all the rest, 'Brave hearts, be valiant  
still !

Let us fight in the defence of our Angel Gabriel !'

Then we gave them a broadside, which shot their mast  
asunder,

And tore the bowsprit off their ship, which made the  
Spaniards wonder,

30

And caused them to cry, with voices loud and shrill,  
'Help, help, or else we sink, by the Angel Gabriel !'

Yet desperately they boarded us, for all our valiant shot,  
Threescore of their best fighting men upon our decks  
were got ;

And then at their first entrance full thirty did we kill,<sup>35</sup>  
And thus we cleared the decks of the Angel Gabriel.

With that their three ships boarded us again with might  
and main,

But still our noble Englishmen cried out, 'A fig for  
Spain!'

Though seven times they boarded us, at last we showed  
our skill,

And made them feel the force of our Angel Gabriel. 40

Seven hours this fight continued, and many brave men  
lay dead;

With purple gore and Spanish blood the sea was coloured  
red.

Five hundred of their men we there outright did kill,  
And many more were maimed by the Angel Gabriel.

Then, seeing of these bloody spoils, the rest made haste  
away: 45

For why, they saw it was no boot any longer for to  
stay.

Then they fled into Calès, and there they must lie still,  
For they never more will dare to meet our Angel  
Gabriel.

We had within our English ship but only three men  
slain,

And five men hurt, the which I hope will soon be well  
again. 50

At Bristol we were landed, and let us praise God still,  
That thus hath blest our men and our Angel Gabriel.

CONTEMPORARY BALLAD.  
(Probably by Lawrence Price.)

## 17. TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

(1629.)

ON March 10 Charles dissolved his Third Parliament and arrested ten of the members. Sir James Ley, created Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council, by James I., died on March 14.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President  
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament 5  
 Broke him ; as that dishonest victory  
 At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourisht, yet by you, 10  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

## 18. THE EMIGRANTS IN THE BERMUDAS.

(1633-39.)

THE emigrants would be driven from England by the persecution of Charles I. and Laud.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
 From a small boat that rowed along,  
 The listening winds received this song :  
 'What should we do but sing his praise 5  
 That led us through the watery maze

Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,  
 That lift the deep upon their backs,  
 Unto an isle so long unknown,  
 And yet far kinder than our own? 10  
 He lands us on a grassy stage,  
 Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.  
 He gave us this eternal spring  
 Which here enamels everything,  
 And sends the fowls to us in care, 15  
 On daily visits thro' the air.  
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
 Like golden lamps in a green night,  
 And does in the pomegranates close  
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shews. 20  
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
 And throws the melons at our feet.  
 But apples plants of such a price,  
 No tree could ever bear them twice!  
 With cedars chosen by his hand 25  
 From Lebanon he stores the land;  
 And makes the hollow seas that roar,  
 Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.  
 He cast (of which we rather boast)  
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast; 30  
 And in these rocks for us did frame  
 A temple where to sound his name.  
 O let our voice his praise exalt,  
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault,  
 Which then perhaps rebounding may 35  
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay.'  
 Thus sang they in the English boat  
 A holy and a cheerful note,  
 And all the way, to guide their chime,  
 With falling oars they kept the time. 40

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678).

## 19. MARCHING ALONG.

(1642.)

CHARLES I. raised his standard at Nottingham on August 22, 1642; this poem might well represent the rallying song of his assembling adherents.

## I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,  
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:  
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop  
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,  
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong, 5  
 Great hearted-gentlemen, singing this song.

## II

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles  
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!  
 Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,  
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup 10  
 Till you're—

CHORUS. *Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.*

## III

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell  
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!  
 England, good cheer! Rupert is near! 15  
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

CHORUS. *Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

## IV

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls  
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles! 20  
 Hold by the right, you double your might;  
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHORUS. *March we along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

20. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED  
TO THE CITY.

(1642.)

AFTER the Battle of Edgehill, October 23, 1642, the King advanced on London and attempted to surprise the detachment of Hollis at Brentford, whilst negotiations for an armistice were proceeding. He occupied Brentford but got no farther.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,

Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

If deed of honour did thee ever please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms 5

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,

And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower:

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground: and the repeated air

Of sad Electra's poet had the power

To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

21. WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

(1643.)

ONE of the songs that have exercised an influence on history. It aided the cause of Charles I., cheered the vanquished Cavaliers, promoted the Restoration of Charles II. and, after 1688, was a rallying song for the Jacobites.

WHAT Booker can prognosticate,

Concerning kings or kingdom's fate?

Full forty years the royal crown  
Hath been his father's and his own ;  
And is there anyone but he,  
That in the same should sharer be ?  
For who better may  
The sceptre sway,

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN 43

Than he that hath such right to reign?  
Then let's hope for a peace,  
For the wars will not cease,  
Till the King enjoys his own again. 40

Till then upon Ararat's hill  
My Hope shall cast her anchor still,  
Until I see some peaceful dove  
Bring home the branch I dearly love:  
Then will I wait 45  
Till the waters abate,  
Which now disturb my troubled brain,  
Else never rejoice  
Till I hear the voice,  
That the King enjoys his own again. 50

MARTIN PARKER (1600-1656 ?).

22. SIR BEVILLE: THE GATE-SONG OF STOWE.  
(1643.)

AN expression of the romantic devotion of the Cavaliers to the Royal cause. Sir Beville was the head of the Grenville family, and the descendant of Sir Richard Grenville.

ARISE! and away! for the King and the land;  
Farewell to the couch and the pillow:  
With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,  
Let us rush on the foe like a billow. 4

Call the hind from the plough, and the herd from the fold,  
Bid the wassailer cease from his revel:  
And ride for old Stowe, where the banner's unrolled,  
For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville.

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh,  
And Harris of Hayne's o'er the river; 10  
From Lundy to Looe, 'One and all' is the cry,  
And the King and Sir Beville for ever.



Ay! by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornish men,  
'Mid the names and the nobles of Devon ;—  
But if truth to the King be a signal, why then, 15  
Ye can find out the Granville in heaven.

Ride! ride! with red spur, there is death in delay,  
'Tis a race for dear life with the devil ;  
If dark Cromwell prevail, and the King must give way,  
This earth is no place for Sir Beville. 20

So at Stamford he fought, and at Lansdown he fell,  
But vain were the visions he cherished,  
For the great Cornish heart, that the King loved so well,  
In the grave of the Granville it perished.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER (1804-1875).

### 23. SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR.

(1644.)

ON July 2, 1644, Prince Rupert and Newcastle were decisively  
defeated by the superior forces of Cromwell and Fairfax.

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the clarion's note is  
high ;

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the huge drum makes  
reply ;

Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant Cavaliers,  
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our  
ears.

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the  
door, 5

And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston  
Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,  
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret  
stair ;

O many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,  
 As she worked the bright word 'Glory' in the gay and  
     glancing thread; 10  
 And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous  
     features ran,  
 As she said 'It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the  
     van!'

'It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest  
     ride,  
 Through the steel-clad files of Skippon and the black  
     dragoons of Pride;  
 The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm, 15  
 And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,  
 When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt bravely on their  
     wing,  
 And hear her loyal soldiers shout "For God and for  
     the King!"'

'Tis noon; the ranks are broken along the royal line;  
 They fly, the braggarts of the Court, the bullies of the  
     Rhine; 20  
 Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm  
     is down,  
 And Rupert sheaths his rapier with a curse and with a  
     frown;  
 And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,  
 'The German boar had better far have supped in York  
     to-night.'

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain, 25  
 His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory  
     stain;  
 But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the  
     rout—  
 'For Church and King, fair gentlemen! Spur on and  
     fight it out!'

And now he wards a Roundhead's spike, and now he  
hums a stave,  
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a  
knave. 30

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought  
of fear;

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds are  
here.

The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and  
thrust,

'Down, down,' they cry, 'with Belial, down with him to  
the dust!'

'I would,' quoth grim old Oliver, 'that Belial's trusty  
sword 35

This day were doing battle for the saints and for the  
Lord!'

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower;  
The grey-haired warden watches on the castle's highest  
tower.

'What news, what news, old Anthony?' 'The field is  
lost and won:

The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the  
sun; 40

And a wounded man speeds hither—I am old and cannot  
see,

Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step should  
be.'

'I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough  
a fray

As e'er was proof of soldiers' thews or theme for minstrel's  
lay. 44

Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.*:  
I'll make a shift to drain it ere I part with boot and  
buff;

Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing  
out his life,  
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful  
wife.

'Sweet, we will find our money-bags and freight a ship  
for France; 49  
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance;  
Or if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope  
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope!  
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy! out on the crop-eared boor,  
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston  
Moor.'

WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED (1802-1839).

## 24. THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

(1645.)

CHARLES I. was finally defeated at Naseby, June 14, 1645, by  
Cromwell and his son-in-law Ireton.

OH, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,  
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all  
red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye  
tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit, 5  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;  
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the  
strong,

Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses  
shine; 10

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long, essenced  
hair,  
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the  
Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
The general rode along us to form us to the fight,  
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a  
shout, 15  
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!  
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!  
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the  
Rhine! 20

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums.  
His bravoos of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;  
They are bursting on our flanks, grasp your pikes, close  
your ranks;  
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We  
are gone! 25  
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast;  
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!  
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the  
last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given  
ground;  
Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen  
on our rear? 30  
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he,  
boys!  
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the  
dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst, 38  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;  
And he—he turns, he flies :—shame on those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on  
war ! 40

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your search secure ;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and  
loquets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts  
were gay and bold, 45

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;  
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chamber in the  
rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and  
hell and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your  
blades, 50

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,  
Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and  
your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,  
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the  
Pope ;

There is woe in Oxford halls ; there is wail in Durham's  
stalls ; 55

The Jesuit smites his bosom ; the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's  
     sword;  
 And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they  
     hear  
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and  
     the Word. 60

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859).

## 25. TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX AT THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

(1648.)

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX was general-in-chief of the parliamentary forces during the latter years of the Civil War. Two years after the defeat of Charles, the Royalists again took up arms. Fairfax put down the rising in the east by the capture of Colchester, while Cromwell took Pembroke Castle and defeated the Scots in Lancashire.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
     Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
     And all her jealous monarchs with amaze  
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5  
     Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
     Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings;  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
     (For what can war but endless war still breed?) 10  
     Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
     Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,  
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

26. AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S  
RETURN FROM IRELAND.

(1650.)

THIS ode is called Horatian because it resembles some of the odes of Horace in form. Cromwell was recalled from Ireland in May, 1650, to assume the command against the Scots.

THE forward youth that would appear,  
Must now forsake his Muses dear,  
Nor in the shadows sing  
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust, 5  
And oil the unused armour's rust,  
Removing from the wall  
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease  
In the inglorious arts of peace, 10  
But through adventurous war  
Urgéd his active star :

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first  
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,  
Did thorough his own Side, 15  
His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,  
The emulous, or enemy ;  
And with such, to enclose  
Is more than to oppose ; 20

Then burning through the air he went  
And palaces and temples rent ;  
And Caesar's head at last  
Did through his laurels blast.



- 'Tis madness to resist or blame 25  
The face of angry heaven's flame ;  
And if we would speak true,  
Much to the Man is due
- Who, from his private gardens, where  
He lived reservéd and austere, 30  
(As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot,)
- Could by industrious valour climb  
To ruin the great work of time  
And cast the Kingdoms old 35  
Into another mould ;
- Though Justice against Fate complain,  
And plead the ancient Rights in vain—  
But those do hold or break  
As men are strong or weak : 40
- Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
Allows of penetration less,  
And therefore must make room  
Where greater spirits come.
- What field of all the civil war 45  
Where his were not the deepest scar ?  
And Hampton shows what part  
He had of wiser art,
- Where, twining subtle fears with hope,  
He wove a net of such a scope 50  
That Charles himself might chase  
To Carisbrook's narrow case,
- That thence the Royal actor borne  
The tragic scaffold might adorn :  
While round the arméd bands 55  
Did clap their bloody hands.

HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN 53

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try ; 60

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right ;  
But bow'd his comely head  
Down as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour 65  
Which first assured the forcéd power :  
So when they did design  
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,  
Did fright the architects to run ; 70  
And yet in that the State  
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed  
To see themselves in one year tamed :  
So much one man can do 75  
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,  
And have, though overcome, confest  
How good he is, how just  
And fit for highest trust. 80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,  
But still in the Republic's hand—  
How fit he is to sway  
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents 85  
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,  
And (what he may) forbears  
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt  
 To lay them at the Public's skirt. 90  
     So when the falcon high  
     Falls heavy from the sky,  
 She, having kill'd, no more doth search  
 But on the next green bough to perch,  
     Where, when he first does lure, 95  
     The falconer has her sure.  
 —What may not then our Isle presume  
 While Victory his crest does plume?  
     What may not others fear  
     If thus he crowns each year? 100  
 As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,  
 To Italy an Hannibal,  
     And to all States not free  
     Shall climacteric be.  
 The Pict no shelter now shall find 105  
 Within his parti-colour'd mind,  
     But from this valour sad  
     Shrink underneath the plaid—  
 Happy, if in the tufted brake  
 The English hunter him mistake, 110  
     Nor lay his hounds in near  
     The Caledonian deer.  
 But thou, the War's and Fortune's son,  
 March indefatigably on ;  
     And for the last effect 115  
     Still keep the sword erect :  
 Besides the force it has to fright  
 The spirits of the shady night,  
     The same arts that did gain  
     A power, must it maintain. 120  
                     ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678).

## 27. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

(1652.)

THIS sonnet was addressed to Cromwell in the year after the Battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651, and the year before the expulsion of the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd.  
 And on the neck of crownéd Fortune proud 5  
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains

To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories 10  
 No less renown'd than War : New foes arise  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains ;  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

## 28. TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

(1652.)

VANE was one of the sincere republicans in the Long Parliament, and, as such, was regarded by Cromwell as one of the greatest obstacles in his path. Vane, as compared with Cromwell, was a theorist opposed to a man of robust common-sense.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms repell'd  
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,

Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5  
 The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd ;  
 Then to advise how war may best upheld  
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage : besides to know  
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means, 10  
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done.  
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :  
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

## 29. ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

(1655.)

THE Duke of Savoy, being urged by the Capuchins, ordered the Vaudois, his Protestant subjects in Piedmont, to attend Mass or leave the greater part of their country within twenty days. Troops were sent to enforce the edict, who ravaged the valleys with fire and sword. Cromwell only voiced the general indignation of England when he firmly remonstrated with the Duke of Savoy and Louis XIV. A treaty was concluded between the Duke and his subjects, and the Vaudois had peace till the Restoration.

AVENGE, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;  
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old  
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones, 5  
 Forget not : In Thy book record their groans  
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10

O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway-  
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow

A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

### 30. ROBERT BLAKE.

(1657.)

BLAKE died at sea, August 1657, on his way home to England, after having destroyed the Spanish fleet in the harbour of Teneriffe, April 20, 1657.

OUR Happy Warrior! of a race  
To whom are richly given  
Great glory and peculiar grace  
Because in league with Heaven;  
Not that the mortal course they trod 5  
Was free from briar and thorn;  
Who wears the arrow-mark of God,  
Must first the wound have borne.

O like a sailor saint was he,  
Our Sea-King! grave and sweet 10  
In temper after victory,  
Or cheerful in defeat;  
And men would leave their quiet home  
To follow in his wake,  
And fight in fire, or float in foam, 15  
For love of Robert Blake.

Like that drumhead of Zitska's skin  
Thrills his heroic name;  
And how the salt-sea sparkle in  
Us flashes at his fame! 20

His picture in our heart's best books  
Still keeps its pride of place,  
From which a lofty spirit looks  
With an unfading face ;

The face as of an angel, who 25  
Might live his boyhood here ;  
And yet how deadly grand it grew,  
When Wrong drew darkening near !  
All ridged, and ready trenched for war  
The fair frank brow was bent, 30  
Then shone, like sudden scimitar,  
The lion lineament.

Behold him, with his gallant band,  
On leaguered Lyme's red beach !  
Shoulder to shoulder, see them stand, 35  
At Taunton in the breach !  
Safe through the battle shocks he went,  
With sword-sweep stern and wide ;  
Strode the grim heaps as Death had lent  
Him his White Horse to ride. 40

'Give in ! our toils you cannot break ;  
The Lion is in the net !  
Famine fights for us.' 'No,' said Blake,  
'My boots I have not ate.'  
He smiled across the bitter cup : 45  
He gripped his good sword-heft :  
'I should not dream of giving up  
While such a meal is left.'

Where trumpets blow and streamers flow,  
Behold him, calm and proud, 50  
Bear down upon the bravest foe,  
A bursting thunder-cloud.  
Foremost of all the host that strove  
To crowd Death's open door,

In giant mood his way he clove, 55  
Aye first to go before.

And though the battle-lightning blazed,  
The thunders roar and roll,  
He to Immortal Beauty raised  
A statue with his soul ; 60  
And never did the Greeks of old  
Mirror in marble rare  
A wrestler of so fine a mould,  
An athlete half so fair.

Homeward the dying Sea-King turns 65  
From his last famous fight,  
For England's dear green hills he yearns  
At heart, and strains his sight.  
The old cliffs loom out gray and grand,  
The old war-ship glides on, 70  
With one last wave life tries to land,  
Falls seaward, and is gone.

With that last leap to touch the coast  
He passed into his rest,  
And Blake's unwearying arms were crossed 75  
Upon his martial breast.  
And while our England waits, and twines  
For him her latest wreath,  
His is a crown of stars that shines  
From out the dusk of death. 80

For him no pleasant age of ease,  
To wear what youth could win ;  
For him no children round his knees,  
To gather his harvest in.  
But with a soul serene he takes 85  
Whatever lot may come ;  
And such a life of labour makes  
A glorious going home.



Famous old Trueheart, dead and gone, Long shall his glory grow, Who never turned his back upon A friend, nor face from foe ; He made them fear old England's name Wherever it was heard ; He put her proudest foes to shame, And Peace smiled on his sword.	90
With lofty courage, loftier love, He died for England's sake ; And 'mid the loftiest lights above Shines our illustrious Blake. And shall shine ! Glory of the West And beacon for the seas ; While Britain bares its sailor breast To battle or to breeze.	100
Great sailor on the seas of strife ; Victor by land and wave ; Brave liver of a gallant life ; Lord of a glorious grave ; True soldier set on earthly hill As sentinel of heaven ; A king who keeps his kingdom till The last award be given.	105
Till she forget her old sea-fame Shall England honour him, And keep the grave-grass from his name Till her old eyes be dim ; And long as free waves folding round, Brimful with blessing break, At heart she holds him, calm and crowned, Immortal Robert Blake.	115
	120

• GERALD MASSEY (1828-1907).

## 31. THE FIRE OF LONDON.

(1666.)

THIS calamity occurred in September 1666; the fire broke out in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, near New Fish Street, and burned for three days, destroying the City, including St. Paul's Cathedral, from the Tower to Temple Bar.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides  
To scourge his country with a lawless sway;  
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,  
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way.

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out, 5  
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:  
His prince, surprised at first, no ill could doubt,  
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,  
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred, 10  
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,  
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,  
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:  
All was the night's; and in her silent reign 15  
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,  
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;  
And first, few scattering sparks about were blown,  
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose. 20

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,  
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;  
Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,  
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

- So 'scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail, 25  
And makes small outlets into open air :  
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,  
And beat him downward to his first repair.
- And now no longer letted of his prey,  
He leaps up at it with enraged desire : 30  
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,  
And nods at every house his threatening fire.
- Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day :  
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire :  
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play ; 35  
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.
- In vain ; for from the east a Belgian wind  
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent ;  
The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,  
And forward with a wanton fury went. 40
- A quay of fire ran all along the shore,  
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze :  
The waken'd tides began again to roar,  
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.
- To every nobler portion of the town 45  
The curling billows roll their restless tide :  
In parties now they straggle up and down,  
As armies, unopposed, for prey divide.
- No help avails : for, hydra-like, the fire  
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way ; 50  
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,  
Before he rushes in to share the prey.
- Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,  
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise :  
Though made immortal by a poet's song ; 55  
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes :  
 Four nights the moon beheld the incessant fire :  
 It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,  
 And farther from the feverish north retire. 60

At length the Almighty cast a pitying eye,  
 And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast :  
 He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,  
 And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place, 65  
 Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep :  
 Each household genius shows again his face,  
 And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700).  
 (Selected from the *Annus Mirabilis*.)

### 32. THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

(1688.)

THE author has built up the poem round the lines 6-8 which have been a popular proverb throughout Cornwall, ever since the imprisonment of the seven bishops—one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawny—by James II. Scott, Macaulay and Dickens deemed it to be the original song.

A good sword and a trusty hand !  
 A merry heart and true !  
 King James's men shall understand  
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?  
 And shall Trelawny die ?  
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men  
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,  
     A merry wight was he : 10  
 'If London Tower were Michael's hold,  
     We'll set Trelawny free !  
 'We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,  
     The Severn is no stay,  
 With "one and all," and hand in hand, 15  
     And who shall bid us nay ?  
 'And when we come to London Wall,  
     A pleasant sight to view,  
 Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all,  
     Here's men as good as you ! 20  
 'Trelawny he's in keep and hold,  
     Trelawny he may die ;  
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,  
     Will know the reason why !'

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER (1804-1875).

### 33. LILLIBULERO.

(1688.)

THE author boasted that with this song—set to music by Purcell—he had sung a king out of three kingdoms. Lillibulero and bullen ala were Irish watchwords in the rebellion of 1641. The refrain is repeated with each verse as with the first.

Ho ! broder Teague, dost hear de decree ?  
     Lilli burlero, bullen a la.  
 Dat we shall have a new deputie ?  
     Lilli burlero, bullen a la.  
 Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la, 5  
 Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la.  
 Ho ! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote :  
 And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat  
De laws on dare side and Creist knows what. 10

But if dispence do come from de Pope,  
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.  
. . . . .

Now, now de hereticks all go down  
By Christ and Shaint Patrick the nation's our own.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog, 15  
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog.

And now dis prophecy is come to pass,  
For Talbot's de dog and James is de ass—

THOMAS WHARTON (1648-1715).

### 34. BONNIE DUNDEE.

(1689.)

'THE air of Bonny Dundee running in my head to-day, I wrote a few verses to it before dinner, taking the keynote from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688-9' (*Scott's Diary*). James Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, was killed in the Battle of Killiecrankie, July 27, 1689.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,  
Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be  
broke ;

So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,  
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, 5  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street, 9  
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat ;  
But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,  
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,  
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;  
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and  
slee, 15

Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee !

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,  
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged ;  
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e  
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee. 20

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers ;  
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock, 25  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke ;  
'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three  
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes :  
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose ! 30  
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,  
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North ;  
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,  
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. 35

There's brass on the target of barked bull-hide ;  
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;  
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free  
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. 40

Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,  
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox ;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me !' 44

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,  
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs, and on Clermiston's lee  
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

### 35. MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM.

(1704.)

ON August 13, 1704, the English under Marlborough, allied with the Austrians under Prince Eugene, defeated the French and Bavarians under Tallard and Marsin. The following description is remarkable as the first instance of a general being pictured as not performing wonderful feats of valour.

BUT, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious troops in battle joined !  
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound  
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies, 5  
And all the thunder of the battle rise.  
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,  
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ; 10  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.



So when an angel by divine command 15  
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,  
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;  
 And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm. 20

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719).

### 36. AFTER BLENHEIM

1704.

A SATIRE on the horrors of war, showing the feeble impression made on the average peasant by the 'decisive battles of the world.'

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun,  
 And by him sported on the green 5  
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found ; 10  
 He came to ask what he had found  
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy  
 Who stood expectant by ;  
 And then the old man shook his head. 15  
 And with a natural sigh—  
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,  
 'Who fell in that great victory.'

- 'I find them in the garden,  
For there's many here about ; 20  
And often when I go to plough  
The ploughshare turns them out.  
For many thousand men,' said he,  
'Were slain in that great victory.'
- 'Now tell us what 'twas all about,' 25  
Young Peterkin, he cries ;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
'Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for.' 30
- 'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,  
'Who put the French to rout ;  
But what they fought each other for  
I could not well make out ;  
But everybody said,' quoth he, 35  
'That 'twas a famous victory.'
- 'My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly. 40  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.
- 'With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then, 45  
And new-born baby died :  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.'
- 'They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won ; 50

For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun ;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, 55  
And our good Prince Eugene.'

'Why 'twas a very wicked thing !'  
Said little Wilhelmine.

'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,  
'It was a famous victory. 60

'And everybody praised the Duke  
Who this great fight did win.'  
'But what good came of it at last ?'  
Quoth little Peterkin.

'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he, 65  
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

## NOTES.

### 1. PERKIN WARBECK.

3-4. *in effect ... pity*: in reality one who should inspire pity.

45. *your aunt of Burgundy*: Margaret, sister of Edward IV. and widow of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

### 2. FLODDEN FIELD.

31. *Bramstone*: now Brankston, a village near Flodden.

37. The Scots certainly lost 10,000 men.

45. *Jack with a feather*=foolhardy James. *lapt all in leather*: it was not unusual for bodies to be wrapped in leather first, and then in lead.

### 5. THE KING'S BALLAD.

21, 22. *i.e.* Virtue consists in seeking honourable and avoiding vicious companions.

### 6. WOLSEY'S FAREWELL.

This famous passage is ascribed in the text to Shakespeare according to custom, but modern authorities regard it as the work of Fletcher.

22. *Lucifer*: Satan. 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!' (Isaiah xiv. 12.)

### 7. EARL BOTHWELL.

5. *Mary's first husband* was Francis II. of France.

10. *i.e.* to be above lords.

43. *my uncle*: Darnley was the grandson of Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII.

## 8. THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

35. Richard Norton (of Norton Towers, Rylstone), aged seventy-one at the time, had eleven sons, seven of whom joined in the rebellion, and eight daughters. It was really William who objected to the rebellion. Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone* deals with the story of Francis Norton and his sister Emily.

103. The Nevilles' banner displays one greyhound's head and a dun bull.

106. The Silver Crescent is a well-known crest of the Northumberland family.

120. Sir George Bowes surrendered Barnard Castle on December 12.

## 9. THE ARMADA.

5. The date was July 30.

7. Aurigny's Isle: the French name for Alderney, one of the Channel Islands.

23. Picard Field: Crecy.

30. *Semper Eadem* (=always the same) was Elizabeth's motto.

## 10. DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

2. The Armada sailed from Lisbon at the end of May.

6. Don Pedro: Pietro de Valdez. Alonzo Perez di Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, really commanded the Armada.

*Knight of the sun*: the hero of an old Spanish romance.

## 11. BALLAD OF THE ARMADA.

13. *Flaccus*: Horace, the Roman poet.

15. *Bacchus*: Hawkins was not over temperate.

17. *hang to Saint James*: dedicate to St. James (or St. Iago) of Compostella.

## 12. THE REVENGE.

112. Soon after the capture of the 'Revenge' a large number of merchant ships joined the Spanish Fleet; about two-thirds of the whole, including the 'Revenge' herself, were sunk or wrecked in the ensuing storm.

## 13. DRAKE'S DRUM.

3. *Nombre Dios*: on the North coast of the Isthmus of Panama.

4. **Plymouth Hoe**: a bold rocky ridge between Sutton Pool and Mill Bay.

21. **the Sound**: the bay in which the harbours of Plymouth unite.

#### 14. FROM THE 'VIRGINIAN VOYAGE.'

16. **Eolus**: Aeolus, the god of the winds.

#### 17. TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

8. **that old man eloquent**: Isocrates, the Athenian orator, is said to have committed suicide by voluntary starvation, at the age of 98, on hearing of the victory of Philip of Macedon (B.C. 338); but this tradition rests on very doubtful evidence.

#### 18. THE EMIGRANTS IN THE BERMUDAS.

20. **Ormus**: an island in the Persian Gulf, a mart for diamonds.

#### 19. MARCHING ALONG.

14. **Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry**: Hazelrig and the younger Vane were the authors of the Root and Branch Bill of 1641. Nathaniel Fiennes was also a member of the Long Parliament. All three were ardent republicans.

#### 20. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED ON THE CITY.

10. **Emathian conqueror**: 'Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was informed that the famous lyric poet Pindarus was born in that city, commanded straitly that no man should, under pain of death, do any violence to that house.' Emathia is a province of Macedonia.

13. **sad Electra**: the Chorus from the *Electra* of Euripides (v. 167, etc.), recited by a Phocian minstrel at the banquet of the Spartan conquerors of Athens, so moved them that the city was saved from destruction.

#### 21. WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

**Booker, Pond, River, Swallow, Dove, and Dade**, were astrologers and makers of 'Old Moore' almanacs.

#### 22. SIR BEVILLE.

21. Sir Ralph Hopton defeated Lord Stamford at Stratton, and Sir William Waller at Lansdown in 1643.

## 23. SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR.

3. **Lucas**: Sir Charles Lucas led a division of Royalists.  
 14. **Skippon**, an old soldier of the Thirty Years' War, led the train bands of London. **Pride** is the hero of the famous 'Pride's Purge.'  
 21. **Langley** and **Astley** were Royalist cavalry leaders.  
 24. **Newcastle** had tried to dissuade Rupert from risking a battle after his success in relieving York.  
 52. **William Lenthall** was Speaker of the House of Commons. **Hugh Peters** was a prominent army chaplain and preacher.

## 24. THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

11. **the Man of Blood**: Charles I.  
 12. **Astley** and **Sir Marmaduke Langdale** led bodies of Royalist cavalry.  
 57. **she of the seven hills**: Rome, built on seven hills.

## 25. ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

7. **Hydra**: Hercules slew this hundred-headed monster, whose property was that two more heads were produced for each one cut off. (Cf. 'Fire of London,' 49.)  
 7. **false North**: the Scots broke the Solemn League and Covenant by their invasion of England.  
 13. **public fraud**: a section of the Parliamentarians was suspected of misappropriating the public funds.

26. AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S  
RETURN FROM IRELAND.

- 41-44. Alluding to the old physical theories of the non-existence of a vacuum, and the impenetrability of matter.  
 69. Livy relates that, when the early Romans were digging the foundations of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, they discovered a human head, which omen was interpreted as foreshadowing the future greatness of the city.  
 104. **climacteric**=dangerous; it originally meant periodical, (Gr. *climacter*=a step in a ladder). There was an ancient belief that certain periods of life were peculiarly exposed to death, since they completed natural periods; these were every seventh and ninth year, and more especially the sixty-third year, since sixty-three is nine times

## 27. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

7. **Darwen**: a small stream flowing into the Ribble near Preston, where Cromwell defeated the invading Scots under the Duke of Hamilton in 1648.

8. **Dunbar**: near North Berwick, where Cromwell defeated the Scots under Leven and Leslie, September 3, 1650.

13. Milton exhorts the tolerant Cromwell to oppose the intolerant Presbyterians.

## 28. TO SIR HENRY VANE.

4. **Epirot and African**: Pyrrhus and Hannibal.

7. **states**: perhaps the States General of Holland.

## 29. ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

3-4. The Vaudois claimed to possess the pure Christianity, and had never acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope.

7-8. There is a print of this act of cruelty in Morland's history of the massacre.

10. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.'

12. **The triple tyrant**: the Pope's tiara is a triple crown.

14. **Babylonian woe**: the Babylon of *Revelation* is Imperial Rome; the Protestants gave the same name to the Romish Church.

## 30. ROBERT BLAKE.

17. **Zitka**: There is a legend that the skin of John Zitka, (1360-1424), the famous leader of the Hussites, was tanned and made into a cover for a drum, that even when dead he might be a terror to his enemies.

34. **Lyme**: Blake first attracted notice by his obstinate defence of Lyme in Dorsetshire, in 1644.

36. **Taunton**: He defended Taunton for nearly a year, (1644-5), against tremendous odds.

## 31. THE FIRE OF LONDON.

49. **Hydra-like**: see note to Fairfax, line 7.

65. The fire subsided on the evening of September 8.

## 32. SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

11. **Michael's Hold**: St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall (See *The Armada*, I. 38.)



## 33. LILLIBULERO.

7. Talbot: Richard Talbot, a Roman Catholic, was created Earl of Tyrconnel and Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1686.

## 34. BONNIE DUNDEE.

2. Note the play on the word 'crown.'

## ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Henry VIII.,	-	-	-	-	<i>W. Shakespeare.</i>
Mary Stuart,	-	-	-	-	<i>A. C. Swinburne.</i>
Poetical Works.	-	-	-	-	<i>A. Marvell.</i>
Annus Mirabilis,	-	-	-	-	<i>J. Dryden.</i>
Absalom and Achitophel,	-	-	-	-	„
Moral Essays,	-	-	-	-	<i>A. Pope.</i>
Visions of England,	-	-	-	-	<i>F. T. Palgrave.</i>
Lays of Scottish Cavaliers.	-	-	-	-	<i>W. E. Aytoun.</i>
English and Scottish Popular Ballads,	-	-	-	-	<i>Edited by Child (Nutt).</i>

## GLOSSARY.

[An asterisk (\*) prefixed to a word denotes that the word is either no longer commonly used or not used in the sense which it bears here.]

- abate** (21. 46): to lessen, subside.
- \*absolute** (14. 18): free.
- \*alarum** (9. 52): call to arms.
- alien** (12. 110): stranger, foreigner.
- a-lilting** (4. 2): see 'lilting.'
- amain** (3. 61, 10. 3): with vigour.
- \*amaze** (25. 3): wonder.
- ambergrease** (18. 28): ambergris, an animal substance found in the sea, used as a perfume.
- \*ance** (4. 18): once.
- \*ancient** (8. 101): standard.
- \*and tho'** (7. 19): even though.
- \*ane** (4. 8, 15): one.
- anon** (8. 118, 12. 50): soon.
- \*appear** (26. 1): make a name for himself.
- aspect** (6. 20): appearance, look.
- aspire** (1. 21, 6. 19, 31. 11): to aim at, desire eagerly.
- \*atween** (13. 3, 19): between.
- auht** (12. 108): anything.
- austere** (26. 30): rigid, severe.
- avall** (31. 49): profit, assist.
- \*aye** (4. 19, 30. 56): ever, always.
- bairn** (4. 22): child.
- ballast** (12. 18): weight placed in the bottom of a ship to prevent its oversetting.
- \*bandster** (4. 10): sheaf-binder.
- battalion** (35. 13): a body of 500 to 800 soldiers.
- behoves** (9. 18): (it) is his duty.
- \*bent** (3. 21): grass.
- \*bereave** (8. 150): to deprive of.
- \*bergamot** (26. 32): a kind of pear, named from Bergamo, a town of Lombardy.
- \*besem** (7. 19): to become, befit.
- \*bespake** (2. 9, 21): spoke.
- bestow** (14. 8): to place.
- bethink oneself** (12. 50): to recollect.
- betide** (23. 51): to happen, come.
- bill** (3. 74): axe.
- \*blan** (8. 44, 136): past tense of blin, to linger.
- blast** (26. 24): to blight, destroy.
- \*blazon** (9. 20): standard, flag.
- blythe** (4. 5): cheerful.
- \*bogle** (4. 14): ghost.
- \*boot** (16. 46): profit, use.
- \*borrow** (8. 28): hostage, security.
- \*boun** (7. 33): ready.
- bout** (16. 16): game, trial.
- brake** (26. 109): fern, thicket.
- brand** (25. 12): mark, usually of disgrace.

- bravado** (10. 3): boast, brag.  
**bravo** (24. 22): braggart, boaster.  
**\*broadpieces** (24. 43): money.  
**\*bughts** (4. 5): sheepfolds, pens.  
**burgher** (9. 74): freeman, citizen.  
**burnish** (34. 39): to make bright.  
  
**Caesar** (26. 23): the king.  
**\*caracke** (11. 9): a large Portuguese ship.  
**\*carle** (19. 7, 20): churl, rough man.  
**\*carline** (34. 14): feminine of carle.  
**carnage** (3. 106): slaughter.  
**\*case** (26. 52): building.  
**catch** (24. 51): a vocal piece in several parts, all of which are sung in turn by each singer.  
**cauld** (4. 20): cold.  
**chance** (20. 2): good fortune.  
**charge** (6. 24): to bid, order.  
**charm** (20. 5): magical verses.  
**\*chase** (26. 51): flee.  
**clarion** (23. 1, 24. 21): trumpet.  
**clime** (20. 8): country.  
**\*close** (18. 19): to enclose.  
**combustion** (1. 20): burning, angry tumult.  
**comely** (26. 63): graceful, handsome.  
**confound** (35. 4): to mix, confuse.  
**con** (1. 47): learn by heart.  
**cope** (24. 56): an ecclesiastical cloak.  
**corruption** (6. 28): dishonesty.  
**coralet** (26. 8): light body-armour.  
**\*couch** (34. 42): lie down.  
**\*couthie** (34. 15): kind, good-humoured.  
  
**cowl** (34. 21): hood, head-covering.  
**cuirass** (24. 10): a breastplate of metal.  
**cuirassier** (24. 35): soldier with cuirass.  
  
**\*daffin'** (4. 7): joking.  
**dalliance** (5. 11): relaxation, pleasure.  
**dangle** (34. 38): to hang loose.  
**dastard** (3. 80): cowardly.  
**daunt** (25. 4): to discourage.  
**\*dee** (8. 92): to die.  
**\*deem** (7. 50): = doom.  
**descri** (3. 48): to detect, discover.  
**detractioun** (27. 2): slander.  
**dishonest** (17. 6): shameful, disgraceful.  
**\*dispencc** (33. 11): dispensation, permission.  
**Don** (10. 6, 12. 31, 13. 15): the Spanish 'Mr.'  
**\*doel** (4. 17): mourning, sorrow.  
**doublet** (24. 45): waistcoat.  
**\*douce** (34. 11): quiet, sober, sedate.  
**\*dowie** (4. 6): sad, dreary.  
**drift** (28. 6): design, tendency.  
**dyke** (24. 34): a mud wall.  
  
**\*effect** (1. 3): fact; (26. 115): deed.  
**embattled** (9. 73): indented like a battlement.  
**emulous** (26. 18): rival.  
**\*enamel** (18. 14): to beautify.  
**enclose** (26. 19): to hedge in.  
**end** (21. 18): use, profit.  
**ensue** (5. 25): follow, pursue.  
**\*equipage** (28. 9): trappings and attendants.  
**eschew** (5. 26): to avoid, shun.  
**essenced** (24. 11): scented.

**fain** (2. 30, 8. 138): glad, gladly; (11. 26): longing, inclined to.

**fainting** (35. 12): yielding, half-beaten.

**\*falchion** (3. 61): sword.

**\*fall** (8. 12): prosper.

**familiar** (1. 48): common, everyday.

**fane** (9. 69): shrine, cathedral.

**fall** (23. 30): to knock down.

**file** (23. 14): rank.

**faunt** (23. 17): to make a display.

**\*fleeching** (4. 11): coaxing.

**\*flying** (34. 14): fluttering.

**forbear** (26. 87): to give up.  
**forced** (26. 66): acquired by force.

**\*forefend** (8. 9): to forbid.

**\*ferward** (26. 1): ambitious.

**fraught** (10. 10): filled, laden.

**freight** (23. 49): to load a vessel.

**frensy** (1. 21): madness.

**frolique** (14. 34): frolic, merry, happy.

**\*gabbin'** (4. 7): chattering.

**gallant** (1. 45, 9. 28): gay, sprightly man.

**\*galleon** (11. 8, 16, 24, 28, 12. 46, 58): a large Spanish ship.

**gang** (34. 7): go.

**gear** (12. 5): condition, order.

**\*genius** (31. 67): household deity, patron saint.

**\*gewgaw** (23. 17): a showy bauble.

**gloaming** (4. 13): twilight.

**\*gramercy** (8. 73): many thanks.

**\*grisly** (12. 66): horrible to behold.

**\*gully** (34. 22): long-handled knife.

**\*halberdier** (9. 16): man carrying long-handled axe.

**hallowed** (31. 34): holy.

**harness** (8. 130): equipment, armour.

**hie** (4. 8): to hasten.

**\*hight** (8. 59): promised; (10. 6): called.

**\*hind** (22. 5): ploughman.

**hiring** (27. 14): one who serves for wages.

**hoigh** (34. 36): hurrah.

**\*ilk** (4. 8, 15, 34. 14): each.

**\*ilka** (4. 3, 23): each, every.

**imbrue** (27. 7): to steep, soak, drench.

**\*imp** (25. 8): to add new feathers to the broken wing of a hawk.

**impenetrable** (3. 77): that cannot be pierced.

**indefatigably** (26. 114): without weariness.

**infringe** (1. 14): to violate.

**integrity** (6. 37): uprightness, honesty.

**inventory** (6. 35): catalogue or account of goods and chattels.

**\*I wis** (8. 51, 136): = I wot = I know.

**jeering** (4. 9): joking.

**jeopardy** (8. 32, 56): danger, peril.

**\*jerkin** (23. 26): jacket.

**ken** (14. 31): to deservy, see.

**\*kirtle** (11. 10): a gown.

**knell** (19. 13): sound of a funeral bell.

**lang-hand** (34. 22): long-handled

**langushing** (26. 4): weak, feeble.

**lapt** (2. 45): wrapped.

- larboard (12. 48): left-hand side of a ship.
- \*Lares (31. 68): Roman household gods.
- laureate (27. 9): laurel was a sign of victory.
- lay (23. 44): song.
- \*leaguered (30. 34): besieged.
- lee-shore (14. 15): that towards which the wind blows.
- \*leeve (8. 121): dear, pleasant.
- \*leggin (4. 8): milk-pail.
- \*leman (24. 46): sweetheart.
- \*let (5. 10, 31. 29): to hinder.
- \*lever (8. 30): rather.
- litting (4. 1, 2, 21): singing merrily.
- \*list (9. 1): to choose, care.
- \*lithe (8. 2): attend.
- \*loaning (4. 3, 23): broad lane between fields.
- loom (30. 69): to come indistinctly into view.
- \*lope (7. 37): leaped.
- \*lume (13. 5): see loom.
- lure (26. 95): to coax, entice.
- lurk (14. 6): to lie hidden.
- luscious (14. 25): sweet.
- \*lust (5. 3): to choose.
- lusty (11. 19, 16. 5, 18): healthy, able of body, strong.
- \*lyart (4. 10): grizzled, gray-haired.
- maim (12. 77, 16. 44): to cripple.
- main (12. 119, 16. 13): open sea; (16. 37): strength.
- \*marrow (34. 27): mate, partner.
- maw (27. 14): the stomach of animals.
- maze (18. 6): a place full of windings.
- mischance (23. 50): misfortune, disaster.
- \*mistake (26. 110): to overlook.
- mitre (24. 53): a bishop's crown.
- \*mome (2. 26): fool, dolt.
- \*morrice-dance (2. 47): old-fashioned English dance.
- \*nonce (7. 22) for the: then.
- numbers (26. 4, 35. 1): verses.
- obscurely (31. 10): darkly.
- obsequies (19. 13): funeral ceremonies.
- \*ordain (8. 127): order, prepare.
- ordnance (16. 22): cannon, heavy artillery.
- \*or ever (12. 114): before.
- \*out on (23. 53): a curse on.
- \*out thwack (11. 20): beat.
- pack (11. 21): dispatch, send.
- pang (6. 21): sudden, violent pain.
- \*parle (19. 8): talk, speech.
- parti-coloured (26. 106): of various colours.
- \*pastance (5. 5, 12): see pastime.
- pastime (5. 1): sport, pleasure.
- peculiar (30. 3): especial.
- pennon (3. 53): long, narrow flag.
- pestilient (19. 20): malignant, mischievous.
- petty (31. 3): small.
- phalanx (3. 81): troops in close formation.
- pinnace (12. 2): man-of-war's boat.
- ploughshare (36. 22): the part of the plough which shears or cuts the ground.
- ply (3. 74, 13. 23): to work hard.
- pomegranate (18. 19): lit. an apple with seeds.
- portentous (3. 41): ominous, threatening.
- post (9. 14): messenger.

- \***pow** (34. 14): poll, head.  
**praat** (33. 9): to prate, chatter.  
**predestined** (24. 38): doomed beforehand.  
**presently** (2. 33): immediately.  
 \***press** (19. 3): to collect.  
**presume** (26. 97): to hope for.  
**prick on** (19. 20): to prompt.  
**prithe** (6. 34): I pray thee.  
**privileged** (1. 12): free from arrest.  
**privy** (7. 39): private, secret.  
**prodigious** (31. 9): monstrous, vast.  
**prognosticate** (21. 1): to foretell, prophesy.  
**pry** (9. 13): to inspect narrowly.  
  
**qualm** (23. 15): scruple of conscience.  
**quantum sufficit** (23. 45): sufficient.  
 \***quire** (31. 34): choir.  
**quilt** (34. 12): rid.  
  
**rack** (11. 27): to torture.  
**raiment** (24. 2): clothing.  
**range** (1. 37): wander, talk freely.  
**ranger** (9. 44): forest-guard.  
**rapine** (25. 14): plundering, violence.  
**recreant** (23. 15): cowardly, false.  
**remote** (18. 1, 25. 4): distant.  
 \***repair** (31. 28): lair, den.  
**requite** (20. 5): to repay.  
**revel** (22. 6): noisy feast.  
**roust** (24. 3): assembly, crowd.  
**rubber** (11. 15): a game of bowls.  
**rude** (6. 15, 23. 43, 27. 2): rough, severe.  
**rue** (2. 24): to repent.  
 \***runkled** (4. 10): wrinkled.  
 \***ruth** (8. 146): pity.
- sable** (3. 26): blackish, dark brown.  
**sack** (11. 2): to storm and plunder.  
 \***sad** (26. 107): serious, terrifying.  
**sanctify** (34. 13): to make holy or virtuous.  
**scimitar** (30. 31): a broad, curved sword.  
**scope** (26. 50): extent.  
 \***scorning** (4. 5): rallying, flirting.  
**scroll** (9. 32): a roll of writing.  
**sea-mew** (3. 54): sea-gull.  
**secular** (27. 12): worldly, not spiritual.  
 \***securely** (14. 13): without fear of danger.  
**serried** (3. 81): closely joined.  
**set** (5. 7): fixed, determined.  
**sheer** (12. 33): straight.  
**shift** (23. 46): attempt.  
**shole** (14. 15): a shoal, sand-bank.  
 \***shoon** (21. 16): old plural of 'shoe.'  
**shroud** (3. 50): cloud.  
 \***skirt** (26. 90): feet.  
 \***slee** (34. 15): sly.  
**sleight** (7. 2): deceit, trick.  
**speed** (1. 36): to go; (10. 20, 23. 31): fare, suffer, prosper; (23. 41): to hasten.  
**squadron** (35. 12): part of a cavalry regiment.  
**stall** (24. 55): seat in the choir of a cathedral.  
**starboard** (12. 48): right-hand side of a ship.  
**stark** (12. 79): stiff.  
**stave** (23. 29): verse of a song.  
**still** (6. 29, 14. 3): always.  
 \***stint** (8. 136): stopped.  
 \***stocks** (20. 4): trunks of trees.  
**stomach** (11. 26): courage, spirit.

- stout** (9. 4, 15, 23. 21, 24. 29):  
 brave.  
**\*straight** (16. 17, 31. 12): im-  
 mediately.  
**\*strow** (7. 29): to strew.  
**stubble** (24. 26): stalks of  
 corn after reaping.  
**sturdy** (23. 42): resolute.  
**subtiltie** (8. 22): artfulness.  
**subtle** (26. 49): sly, artful.  
**swarthy** (9. 62, 12. 110): dark,  
 tawny.  
**\*sword-heft** (30. 46): sword-  
 hilt.  
**\*sway** (1. 32): to control,  
 govern.  
**\*target** (34. 37): shield.  
**tawny** (24. 48): reddish yellow.  
**theme** (23. 44): subject.  
**thews** (23. 44): muscles.  
**\*thorough** (26. 15): through.  
**tier** (12. 41): row or rank.  
**timely** (35. 12): just in time,  
 necessary.  
**tolls** (30. 41): nets, traps.  
**train** (21. 27): line of followers.  
**trophy** (27. 6): something  
 taken in battle.  
**\*trow** (8. 66): to be sure.  
**tryst** (34. 18), **set**: to make an  
 appointment.  
**\*tufted** (26. 109): bushy.  
**tumultuous** (35. 3): full of  
 riot and confused noise.  
**twain** (12. 89, 23. 25): two.  
**twine** (26. 49, 30. 77): to weave.  
**unespied** (18. 2): undiscovered.  
**ungird** (26. 89): to take off.
- van** (9. 9, 23. 12): advanced  
 part.  
**vindicate** (26. 62): to justify,  
 revenge.  
**voluntarily** (1. 16): of one's  
 own accord.  
**\*wae** (4. 6, 17, 22): woe, woeful.  
**\*wain** (21. 17): cart, waggon.  
**wake** (30. 14): track of a ship.  
**wanton** (6. 10, 24. 44): sportive,  
 playful.  
**ward** (9. 55): district of a  
 town; (23. 29): to defend  
 oneself from.  
**warden** (23. 38): head officer,  
 steward.  
**\*ware** (13. 24): wary, cautious.  
**\*wassailer** (22. 6): drinker.  
**wax** (7. 21, 25): to grow,  
 become.  
**weatherbow** (12. 24): wind-  
 ward side of a ship.  
**\*wede** (4. 4): weeded.  
**wench** (23. 13): young woman.  
**\*wend** (8. 89): to go.  
**\*what he may** (26. 87): as far  
 as he can.  
**\*when as** (14. 25): when.  
**whet** (11. 18, 23. 6): to sharpen.  
**\*wight** (8. 149, 10. 6, 32. 10):  
 person, being; (3. 11): brave.  
**\*woe worth thee** (7. 1): woe be  
 to thee.  
**\*wrack** (18. 7): to destroy.  
**wroth** (7. 21, 25): angry.  
**wrought** (7. 2): worked.
- yeoman** (9. 17): small farmer.

## QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

The Roman Numerals in brackets give the number of the poem to which the question refers.

1. What is the substance of Perkin's defence of his conduct? (I.)

2. Write a short note on the invasion of England by James IV. (II.)

3. 'Few authors are less subject than Scott to the fault of over-describing, or better know the point at which a reader's imagination should be left to its own activity. He pursues his theme from point to point, with the steadiness of one who descants on a common matter of fact.' Try to illustrate this from his description of Flodden Field. (III.)

4. Is the authorship of 'The King's Ballad' consistent with Henry VIII.'s character as you know it? (V.)

5. Define 'metaphor,' and 'simile'; by what simile does Wolsey describe his life? (VI.)

6. How does the ballad describe Darnley's death? (VII.)

7. Write out in your own words lines 49-92 of 'The Rising in the North.' (VIII.)

8. Trace on a map the chain of beacons; is there any break in it? (IX.)

9. Give the meaning of lines 13-18 of 'A Ballad of the Armada,' fully and carefully. (XI.)

10. Describe the fight in 'The Revenge.' Do you notice any peculiarly appropriate similes in this poem? (XII.)

11. Write a short life of Francis Drake, and estimate his importance in the history of the English Navy. (XIII.)

12. Can you name any of the heroes prophesied in line 38 of XIV?

13. 'Brilliant, courtly, picturesque, poetical; a man of eloquence, of learning, of adventure; a traveller, explorer,



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statesman ; a great soldier, and a great historian.' Confirm this description of Raleigh from what you know of his life. (xv.)

14. What is the historical importance of the sonnet 'To the Lady Margaret Ley?'

15. Write a note on the causes of the Puritan emigration. 'In the whole compass of our poetry there is nothing quite like Marvell's love of nature.' How is this special quality shown in the 'Song of the Emigrants'? (xviii.)

16. To what sources would you ascribe the loyalty of the Cavaliers and Jacobites? (xix., xxi., xxii.)

17. What reward does Milton promise to the protector of his house? What classical parallels were there with his position? Seeing that he had not then written 'Paradise Lost,' 'Paradise Regained,' or 'Samson Agonistes,' what light does this sonnet throw on his own character? (xx.)

18. Do you notice any reference in 'Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor' to the circumstances under which the battle was fought? (xxiii.)

19. 'The *Battle of Naseby* is both vicious and ugly.' Why has this poem been so severely criticised? Give reasons for agreeing with, or dissenting from, the criticism? (xxiv.)

20. Compare the parts played by Fairfax and Cromwell in the Civil War. Explain carefully lines 9-14. (xxv.)

21. Explain carefully lines 17-20, and 41-44. What is Marvell's conception of Cromwell's character? It has been said that Marvell shows the feeling of a scholar and a gentleman in politics: explain and illustrate this. Write a historical note on lines 77-80. What is the force of the simile in lines 105-6? (xxvi.)

22. How did the Presbyterians expose themselves to Milton's attack in the sonnet 'To the Lord General Cromwell'? (xxvii.)

23. Describe Milton's ideal statesman. (xxviii.)

24. The sonnet 'On the Late Massacre' has been called 'a collect in verse.' Explain. (xxix.)

25. Write an account of Blake's career as a soldier and sailor. (xxx.)

26. Can you imagine any direct source of inspiration for stanzas 1 and 2 of 'The Fire of London'? One stanza shows a tenderness unusual in Dryden: which is it?

27. Write a note on the part played by political songs in history. (xxi., xxxiii.)

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28. In which of Scott's novels is Claverhouse a leading character? Write a short account of his rebellion. (xxxiv.)

29. The simile of the angel contains one topical allusion. What is it?

30. Which of the poems in this book strikes you as the most *musical*? Mention any tune, or any other poem, of which it reminds you. Can you pick out any lines in which the *sound* is a great help to the *sense*?

31. Which of the poems in the book seems to you to give the noblest conception of patriotism? Give reasons for your choice.



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